




I don't know **why** I feel the way I do. When the **flying squirrel** attacked me, it completely changed my life. I tried to fight him off but he managed to **bite** me in the **neck** before scurrying off into the bush.

When I woke up the next morning, my **veins** were **BULGING** and my face was *tingling*. I felt **ALERT** and **energized** but I didn't know why.

Two weeks later... I came into an **encounter** with some **thugs** on the rooftop of the office where I work. I often go up there to **think**  but when I arrived I was witnessing a drug deal go down right before my  eyes . They **GRABBED** me immediately and in

an attempt to **intimidate**, I was **Bumped** off the edge of the *roof*. In that moment, I truly thought my life was over... But I was **WRONG**.

s p r e a d out my arms to create as much
as I could and the next thing I knew, I was **flying**.

Surface Area

Flying I tell you !! I glided to safety and recovered
from the incident. From now on, I will be known as **Flying
Squirrel Man**... Ready to **defend** and **protect** the city of
New York. After all, New York could

always use another  **UPER HERO.**